

# LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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CITY OF NEW YORK

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This picture illustrates a scene at the United States Pension Agency, on Sixth Avenue, in this city. An aged pensioner, whose money has been for some time withheld, has at last obtained the amount to which he is entitled, and with his wife and daughter, who in their anxiety had accompanied him to the agency, goes forth elate and happy—richer in feeling and in purse than he has been for many a day. In the smile upon the face of the wife, the satisfied expression of the daughter, as well as in the look of exultation that shines from the scarred face of the veteran, we read the story of many a life—doubt and fear succeeded by confidence and content, long waiting in the dark rewarded by the breaking of full-orbed day.

"ROLLING IN WEALTH."

DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.  
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## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,  
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1894.

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### The Nomination of Governor.

IT has been the boast of the Republican party that it represents the highest intelligence and best impulses of the country. It points to the galaxy of illustrious names which embellish its history as a proof of the fact that in every supreme crisis of affairs it has summoned to the leadership men of the largest equipment—men competent to initiate and carry out great policies, and by the force of their regnant personalities influence public thought in the direction of enlightened progress. In the formative period of its existence it made character, capacity, integrity, its standard of selection in all nominations for positions of trust and importance, and to-day the men who enjoy the highest eminence in its councils, who are most widely recognized as commanding factors in determining and guiding its policy—McKinley, Reed, Harrison—owe their distinction solely to these conspicuous qualities.

The Republicans of New York are this week to determine whether they will adhere to this historic standard in the bestowal of the highest honor in their gift, or whether they will put contempt upon it and nominate as their candidate for Governor a gentleman whose qualifications are summed up in the fact that he possesses great wealth. That, bluntly stated, is the precise issue before the Saratoga convention. However it may be disputed by his patrons, the fact remains that the nomination of Mr. Morton will be accepted everywhere as an evidence that the party in this imperial State proposes hereafter to make money instead of brains the test of fitness for party leadership and responsible public service. We do not at all undervalue Mr. Morton's personal amiability and purity of character. We do not for a moment assume that, as executive of this State, he would disgrace the people as Governor Flower has done, by official alliances with the vicious and criminal classes. We recognize the cleanliness of his individual life, and the fact, too, that he has served in high public stations without any serious blundering. But we remember, on the other hand, that he never displayed, in any position he has filled, other than moderate abilities. Such success as he achieved as our minister to France he owed to his wealth and social entertainments. He made no impression, in the serious work of his office, upon the court to which he was accredited. He counted for nothing in the literary, scientific, or art life of the French capital. As Vice-President he cut no figure at all in moulding and controlling the political policy of his party. He was a simple negation. Something more than amiability of character and merely negative qualities are needed in the incumbent of the executive office at Albany. We are in a period of transition; great questions of internal policy are coming to the fore; measures of reform involving the very life of the commonwealth are to be formulated and enacted; the grip of the foulest political oligarchy that ever bestrode a State is to be broken, and the people, long robbed and enslaved, restored to their own. In such a crisis we need as Governor a man of positive convictions, of fearless purpose, of experienced familiarity with affairs—a man who will think his own thoughts and act obediently to his own conscience; who will frown upon all disreputable alliances, and, holding his party to the highest ideals of duty, assure the interests of the people against assaults from whatever quarter. Men of this stamp are within reach; why should we dishonor ourselves and the State by making one of inferior mould our standard-bearer in a time so full of grand possibilities as this?

We protest, in the name of good citizenship and the highest party interests, against the surrender of the advantage we unquestionably possess, in this campaign, by any such lowering of the standard of equipment for official station. We cannot afford to put an affront upon the intelligence of the State by bestowing a premium upon incompetence because linked with it is a swollen bank account. There are thousands of non-partisan voters, men of character and influence—jurists, lawyers, bankers, merchants, and professional men of every sort—who look to the Republican party to deliver the State from its vassalage to the buccaneers who now control it, and elevate the standard of the public service in all branches of the State administration. We can have the votes of these if we will give them a candidate worthy of their support. There are thousands of young men who look to this party as offering them opportunities of service and advancement, and who will fall heartily into line behind any standard-bearer who is in touch with their aspirations, and

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appeals by his career to their ardent sympathies. But we cannot win and hold these young, earnest, enthusiastic voters, who are to be the controlling forces of our life in coming days, if we shut the door of promotion in their faces, and declare, in the nomination of a man like Mr. Morton, that the Republican party has place at the top for none but men of wealth—that, in other words, fidelity to principle, zeal, efficiency, count for nothing as against a plethoric purse.

Can it be that the Republican party of New York will commit the enormous blunder which it is now urged to commit by discredited partisan bosses, intent upon perpetuating a rule which has brought nothing but disaster upon the party and shame upon the State?

### The Political Drift.

THE result of the election in Vermont is indicative of what may be expected in all the Northern States when the people are given an opportunity to express themselves upon the questions of the hour. Vermont has always been solidly Republican. In the 'sixties, when war issues were prominent, the majorities for that party were extraordinarily large. But the majority this year is the largest recorded in the history of the State, reaching a total of over twenty-eight thousand. The Republican gains were uniform in all parts of the State, in the rural and isolated districts as well as in the populous towns and cities.

The decisive condemnation of the Democratic jugglery with the tariff and the incompetency and dishonesty displayed by the party in dealing with other important questions is the more significant when it is remembered that Vermont is much less seriously affected, industrially, by the recent legislation than most of the Northern States which have large manufacturing interests. The direction in which the people of that State will mainly suffer will be from the provisions of the tariff act which favor Canadian products at the expense of our own. The laboring class, as a whole, will not be greatly harmed. If a State thus circumstanced, where the effects of the new tariff policy are felt the least, repudiates the Democracy by an unprecedented vote, what may be expected in those other States whose industries have been disintegrated by protracted agitation and are still menaced by unfriendly legislation? If the Vermont verdict means anything, it means that Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and others of the Western States engaged in manufacturing enterprises, will in the coming election smite the offending party with an emphasis which will not only effectually break its power, but assure the speedy reversal of its disastrous policy.

Let the Republican party show itself worthy of the great opportunity thus presented it by nominating as its candidates for all responsible positions men of the highest intellectual equipment and most exalted personal character.

### Newspaper License.

OR something like twelve years past there has been, in New York especially, and in the rest of the country also, a marked tendency toward the expansion of the daily newspaper, and sheets which formerly were four and eight pages are now twelve and twenty-four pages in size.

If this expansion, without increasing the cost of the papers to the public, had been effected without lowering the literary and moral standard of the newspaper press it would have been a public benefit, but unfortunately the enlargement in size and the increase in matter have been in many cases at the sacrifice of quality for quantity. Even the most dignified of our daily papers do not hesitate nowadays to indulge in gossip unworthy of a village sewing-society, and to retail scandals with which the public has no concern whatever. We put up with this bad condition of things because we are indisposed to meddle with the freedom of the press even though freedom is stretched into license and passes far beyond the bounds of decency.

The men who make the objectionable dailies are fully aware of the fact that their journals treat of subjects which had much better be left alone. They defend themselves on two grounds, neither of which, we think, is tenable. They say that the papers are vulgar and coarse because the public prefers vulgarity and coarseness. They say that they serve a good public purpose in printing details of scandals in private life because such publications are a wholesome deterrent. There is so little in the latter claim that it is entirely overbalanced by the harm that is done when stories are told that are not true, and that put the stigma of disgrace and notoriety upon innocent persons. Newspaper managers of a certain class appear to take it

for granted that a man who is high in official position, or who is prominent in fashionable society, or who has acquired or inherited great wealth, has no right whatever to privacy in his domestic affairs. They therefore print about the family life of such men stories which should find no place in any decent publication. If a man and his wife in high position have any difference of opinion and temporarily disagree, the sleuth-hound reporters are put upon the trail, and columns of scandalous gossip are forthwith given to the world. The heartlessness of such publications is worse even than the vulgarity. Think of the wrong that is done to the children of a couple whose domestic affairs have become the subject of newspaper sensation and comment! The children have not offended, but they, entirely innocent, are the worse sufferers. Public men, rich men, are none the less human because of their wealth or official station. They feel and they suffer as others do, and they have private rights which no one is justified in invading. When married people make their affairs public by going into the divorce courts it is quite another matter.

Now as to the public requiring that daily papers should be indecent. We do not believe that there is anything at all in this excuse on the part of newspaper men. It is entirely refuted by the fact that the most prosperous weekly journals and monthly magazines are scrupulously cleanly and free from either gossip or scandal. If the public appetite for filth is so great that the morning and evening papers must soil their pages to gratify it, why should the public require entirely different matter for weekly and monthly reading? We have too much respect for the public to believe that any preponderating number want filth at all; we have so much respect for our own manhood that if we believed so poorly of the public as these newspaper managers say they do, we should retire from the field and choose some calling in which success could be achieved with entire propriety.

### A Disgraceful Record.



R. HAROLD M. SEWALL'S arraignment of Mr. Cleveland's policy in the Pacific, made in a speech recently delivered by him at Augusta, Maine, embodies accusations so grave and direct that it will be impossible for the friends of the administration to ignore them. Mr. Sewall was sent to Samoa as United States

consul-general under the first Cleveland administration. A Democrat of the Jeffersonian standard, a man of high-minded and conscientious purpose, he sought in all his official relations to maintain the honor of his country, and to measure up to the highest requirements of honorable and enlightened diplomacy. There has never been a hint or intimation of any sort that he failed to perform his duties with strict fidelity to his instructions. Neither his word nor his character has ever been called into question. What he now says, therefore, compels attention as the statement of an accredited and unchallenged agent of the government.

The gravamen of Mr. Sewall's charges against Mr. Cleveland is that he betrayed the King of Samoa in the affair, a few years ago, which threatened to involve us in a conflict with Germany, permitted him, in a spirit of pusillanimous impotence, to be carried into exile, and then, and ever since, has antagonized the only civilized government ever established in the islands. The facts may be briefly stated. Seven years ago Germany, filled with the lust of conquest, determined to take possession of Samoa, doing so under the guise of recognizing a rebel king and government she had organized. The legitimate sovereign was Malietoa. Against him Tamasese was set up by the Germans. Mr. Cleveland instructed Mr. Sewall to "keep the Samoans from fighting," and authorized him to assure the king of our protection if he would desist from hostilities. No harm should come to him if he would respect our request. The king, after some discussion, complied with the appeal of the consul, "out of his great respect and love for the government of the United States." One month later six German war-ships arrived at Apia, war was declared on the unfortunate king, and the German puppet Tamasese was installed under the German guns. Malietoa was driven to the mountains. The Germans demanded his surrender, dead or alive. His people appealed to the American consul for the fulfillment of the pledge he had made in the name of his government. Malietoa himself, having kept his word, demanded that the consul should keep his. But the administration at Washington was silent. The President, who later on could listen graciously to the appeal of a disrowned and discredited queen, had no ear for the piteous plaint of Samoa's rightful king. Then this black king, finding himself betrayed, did a noble thing; he surrendered to the Germans and issued an address to his people in these words:

"To all Samoa:—On account of my great love to my country and my great affection to all Samoa, this is the reason that I deliver up my body to the German government. That government may do as they

wish to me. The reason of this is because I do not desire that again the blood of Samoa shall be spilled for me. But I do not know what is my offense which has caused their anger to me and my country. Tuamaga, farewell! Manono and family, farewell! So, also Salafai, Tuatua, Aana, and Atua, farewell! If we do not again see one another in this world, pray that we may be again together above. May you be blessed! I am  
MALIETOEA, the Klug.

"In the Bush, near Apia."

Malietoa, thus surrendered, was carried away a prisoner to the deadly Cameroons, Mr. Cleveland doing nothing whatever to help the man whose faith in his word had "brought him to a punishment more disgraceful than death in the eyes of a Samoan." It was left for President Harrison and Secretary Blaine to bring Malietoa "back to Samoa, though only a wreck of his former self, to the birthright of which he had been robbed. He is there now, slowly recovering from the ravages of the disease and suffering of his cruel exile."

We do not wonder that Mr. Sewall, in view of this perfidious action of the administration which had appointed him, and of the equally infamous course of the same Democratic President in Hawaii, should refuse to associate any longer with a party whose chiefs are capable of conduct so un-American. The indignation he expresses is that of every citizen who cares more for the good name of his country, and for honesty and fair play, than for party. A diplomacy that betrays the weak and cowers before the strong; that complacently violates its solemn engagements as if truth and right were the playthings of a sovereign's caprice—this is not the sort of diplomacy to which the American people have been accustomed, and the day is far distant when they will give their approval to such sacrifices of the national honor as it involves.

### The Negro Problem.



E publish on another page a suggestive and valuable contribution from a colored clergyman of Oakland, California, on a subject which is everywhere engaging the attention of thoughtful minds, namely, the question of the industrial future of the congested negro population of the South. It is every day becoming more and more apparent

that existing conditions in the more populous Southern States are not favorable to the largest possible development and elevation of the blacks. It is equally obvious that it is vital to the national welfare that they should not remain a mere inert mass, uninfluenced by aspirations for a higher and fuller life, and deprived of reasonable opportunities for the utilization of such resources of brain and brawn as they may possess. Undoubtedly there are many thousands of these unfortunates who are incapable, even under the most favorable circumstances, of making their way. But the door should not be shut in the face of the race as a whole because some are stolid, shiftless incompetents. On the contrary, it is the part of wisdom, as it is essentially humane, that every possible encouragement should be given to the negro population, in its entirety, to carve out its own destiny in the use of its inherent capacities. One direction in which this may be done is indicated by our correspondent. There are Western States in which population is sparse where negro labor can find profitable employment, and where the rights of citizenship will be absolutely secure. These States have vast resources and possibilities which await development. They are climatically advantageous, and negro colonies already settled in some of them have attained marked prosperity. Industrious blacks would be everywhere preferred, in many forms of work, to the Chinamen, against whom popular prejudice seems to be constantly growing stronger. In the opinion of our contributor there is a field here which can profitably absorb the excess of population which exists in many districts of the South and convert it into a producing force, helpful to the nation at large. His statement of the case is certainly forceful and persuasive. It is unquestionably worthy of consideration, especially at the hands of the more intelligent and influential leaders of the people whose future is a matter of supreme concern.

### The County Fair.

A ND now, when the leaf takes on its tenderest golden hue, and the quail pipes blithely in the wistful afterglow, until it is gathered unto the heaving bosom of the brittle toast, the merry farmer hies him to the county fair, where he goes into the finest of rosy raptures over the quaint intaglios of the tawny pumpkin and the dreamy corpulosity of the polka-dotted pig. For this is the farmer's day—it is to him what the Fourth of July and Christmas are to the small boy; it has no end of enjoyments. See him as he leans languidly on a rail, waiting for the tempestuous excitement of the three-minute

trotting match; how his face glows, and even the antique whiskers on his chin bristle with emotion. And then what an avalanche of pleasant colors there is, all wildly mingled—the orange of the pumpkin, the purple of the grape, the gold of the chaste, enameled apple—spread before the eye in a mellow, luscious array that makes the observer dream of his boyhood days and the fragrant orchards with their myriad hosts of bees and butterflies. Here is the mottled, broad-gainged ox, who stands to win a prize of five dollars on his weight, and not on his quality. And there is the pig whose pounds are his only title to recognition. And it is pleasant to listen to his care-free, unbridled gutturals, as he rolls his cold, gray eye and attempts a joyous smile, which seems to anticipate the fact that he will shortly be sold for English breakfast bacon.

No student of agricultural economy can for an instant suppose that any crop has been a failure when he gazes upon the potatoes and turnips and other things heaped in his vision. And what a panorama of gushing glory for the poet whose soul is attuned to Nature in all her wild and varying moods, as the squash looms in his frenzied ken and bespeaks the fraudulent but ever toothsome pumpkin-pie. The brook ripples its gentlest polonaise in his soul, and he sees the winds frolicking in the dimpled wheat, and the white clouds pillared in sculptured grace and beauty in the sky, while he drifts into a reverie daintily fringed and embroidered with the prospective turkey that is now strutting before him without a suspicion of its approaching fate. And as he watches the crimson plum and the all-wool sheep, he dreams of Arcadian shepherdesses and sunny orchards; he fairly bubbles with sentiment and poetry, and realizes that he stands upon the auspicious brink of a lively fresh-pork-and-apple-sauce epoch. But the farmer enjoys it as no one else does. He never wearys of looking critically upon the products of his neighbors, and perhaps his remarks are often as severe as those of one painter upon the performances of a brother professional. He closes his farm and rolls down the shutters upon it, so to speak, and takes all his family to the county fair, which is more gratifying than a circus, and more exciting than a campaign against the epicurean potato-bug. It is to him a never-ending feast of joy, a perennial banquet, a symphony at once in green and red and yellow, and he makes his studies and takes down notes for future reference with the ardor of a war correspondent. He forgets everything but his native county, and overflows with honest pride at the figure it cuts. And he returns to his fireside feeling happier and better, and in a mood to extinguish all competitors in a local checker tournament.

The county fair is an institution beside which county politics wanes for the time being, and sooner than miss it the farmer would almost prefer, when he goes forth, fowling-piece in hand, to miss the fox which is ready to spring upon his finely-rounded Thanksgiving gobble.

## WHAT'S GOING ON

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has tendered the President of the Hawaiian republic assurances of his high consideration, and expressed his hope that "the friendly relations which have existed between the United States and the Hawaiian Islands" may be continued. This official act of Mr. Cleveland puts an effectual extinguisher upon the hopes of the royalists, who have persisted in declaring to their followers that the influence of this country would be asserted for the restoration of the deposed queen, and in this respect its influence will be wholesome and salutary. It is, of course, true that Mr. Cleveland, after a similar expression of good-will to the same official on a former occasion, engaged in a covert attack upon his authority, but this experiment is not likely to be repeated. The American people have so overwhelmingly condemned the duplicity practiced in that instance that even Mr. Cleveland, audacious and self-willed as he is, will not venture upon a further affront, in this matter, to the clearly expressed opinion of the country.

THE sugar planters of Louisiana who have hitherto persisted in voting the Democratic ticket while availing themselves of the benefits of the Republican tariff policy, seem to be awaking at last to a conviction that they have been playing the fool, and that, if they are to escape the disasters which the Democratic reversal of that policy will insure, they must combine for the election of Congressmen who can be counted upon to stand unflinchingly for protection. In three Congressional districts of the State, mass-meetings of planters who have hitherto been Democrats have recently been held, at which it was resolved to support "no candidate who is not pledged to the protection of sugar, rice, lumber, salt, and all other great American industries," and if the regular Democratic nominees refuse to make satisfactory pledges, there is a possibility that a serious bolt will follow. It is not probable, however, that any distinctively Republican candidate can win in either of these districts. Louisiana Democrats, however much they may protest against the party action

on any given subject, have never yet been able to bring themselves to the point of voting for a Republican, and the planters, whose interests are now endangered, will submit to a good deal of loss and embarrassment before they will jeopardize their party standing. An outbreak may come, but the condition of its success will be that its candidates shall in all cases be Democrats who hold to the party policy in everything except the matter of the tariff.

THE course of the Governor of Tennessee in reference to the recent murderous lynchings in that State is that of an official who appreciates his responsibilities and means, at whatever hazard, to discharge them. As the result of his personal investigations and the pressure brought to bear upon public officials, a number of indictments have been found against participants in the lynching of half a dozen negroes in the vicinity of Memphis, and evidence has been secured which will probably convict the perpetrators of a similar outrage in another part of the State. It is possible, indeed—some of the lynchers being persons of some prominence in their communities—that the juries before which their cases will come may disappoint the general expectation, but the feeling of the best element of the population is so decisively in sympathy with Governor Turney in his demand for the vindication of the law, that confidence in a right result seems to be fully justified. It is quite certain that if the South has any desire to attract capital and population it must stamp out utterly the lawless spirit which so frequently finds expression in the brutalities of lynching.

THERE can be no doubt that the retail liquor business, as ordinarily conducted, is making itself obnoxious to the best public opinion. It is the one interest which more than any other resists all wholesome restraints, defies statute and moral law, and both impoverishes and debauches individuals and society. The saloon evil is the most formidable evil of modern times, and the problem of its removal is the most serious of all the problems which confront the sociologist and reformer. A striking indication of the growing hostility to this traffic, supplementing the still more important illustration of the fact afforded by the action of Monsignor Satolli, is furnished by the recent decision of the Knights of Pythias to refuse membership in the order hereafter to all persons engaged in the liquor business. This order is largely composed of intelligent, conservative, and substantial citizens, who fairly represent the average sentiment of the country as to all moral and social questions, and its action, therefore, has a real significance. It is to be regretted that the distinctively temperance societies do not, in their warfare upon the obnoxious traffic, content themselves with politic and moderate measures of prevention and restriction which would command the support and co-operation of that great body of citizens who look with disfavor upon it, but cannot see the wisdom of the radical policies which ignore real and insurmountable conditions.

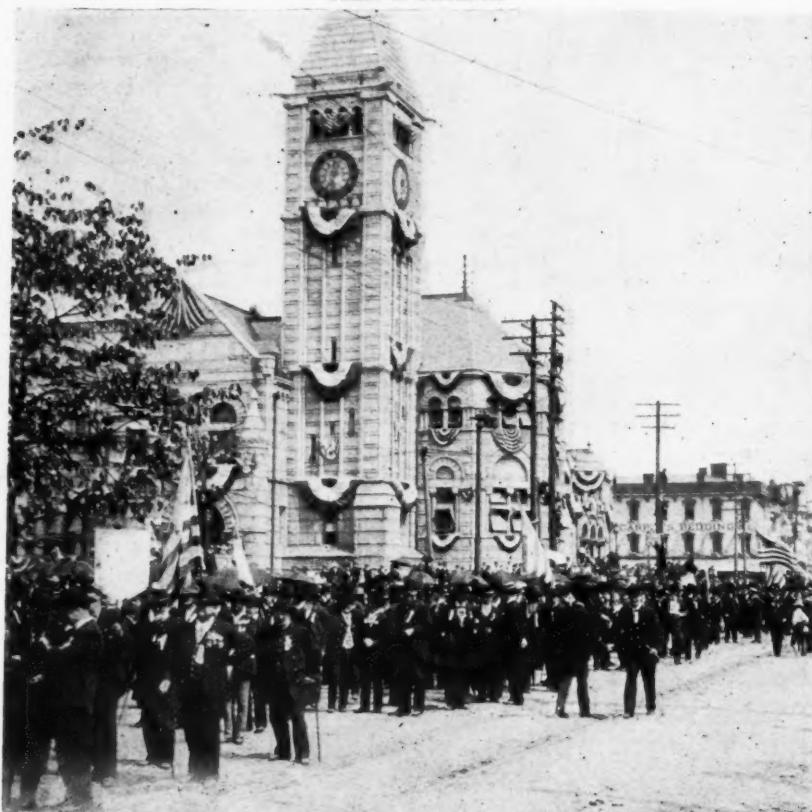
NOTHING more ghastly and horrible than the narratives of the recent forest fires in the Northwest has ever found its way into our newspaper literature. Words cannot describe, no artist's brush can adequately depict, the horrors of the cyclone of flame which swept over a thousand square miles of territory, leaving smouldering homesteads, towns in ashes, and hundreds of charred bodies behind it. But, dark and sombre as it is, the picture has some rays of light. There were displays of courage and fearlessness in the presence of danger, of heroic devotion to duty, of magnificent self-sacrifice, which compel the admiration of every beholder. What could have been grander than the heroism of the engineer Root, who for miles conducted his train through a sea of flame with a steady hand and face unblanched? Hot blasts of fire scorched the cars, but he did not falter. The flames crept over the tender and engine, scorching his face and hands and setting his clothes on fire, but he stood immovably at his post. The safety of the train and its panic-stricken passengers depended upon his fidelity; if he could hold out he would get beyond the belt of fire. His trusty fireman, standing at his side, poured water over him from time to time to avert the flames, but at last the heat became unendurable, and the brave helper was compelled to plunge into the water-tank for safety. But the engineer, his scorched hand upon the lever, with the billows of fire sweeping over the speeding train and the splintered glass of the cab-window flying all about him, held on. At length a lake, the Mecca of his hopes, was reached, and then as he slowed the train he fell exhausted, burned and bleeding, while the passengers he had saved, not forgetting his service, hastily sought security in the water. No grander courage was ever displayed anywhere. It was not the mere act of a moment, blossoming out from some impetuous impulse; it was the sustained illustration of inherent and dominating qualities, the natural outcome of a character essentially noble. How many of us, under like conditions, would have been equally brave? And as for those of us who bend and cower under the stress of petty cares and ordinary tests, how pitifully mean we must acknowledge ourselves to be in comparison with the royal heroism of this railway engineer!



OHIO DELEGATION FORMING ON WATER STREET, SHOWING NAVAL VETERANS' FLEET IN DISTANCE.



A GROUP OF EX-PRISONERS OF WAR, INCLUDING THE ONLY WOMAN EXCHANGED.



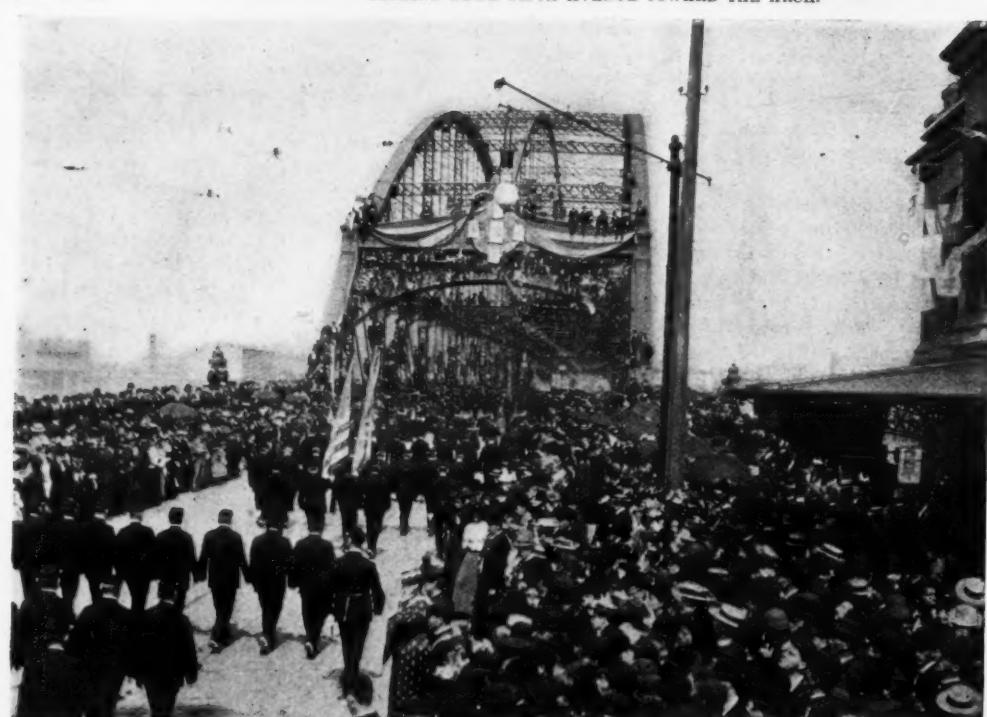
OHIO VETS HALT IN FRONT OF THE CARNEGIE FREE LIBRARY, ALLEGHANY.



LOOKING DOWN FIFTH AVENUE TOWARD THE ARCH.

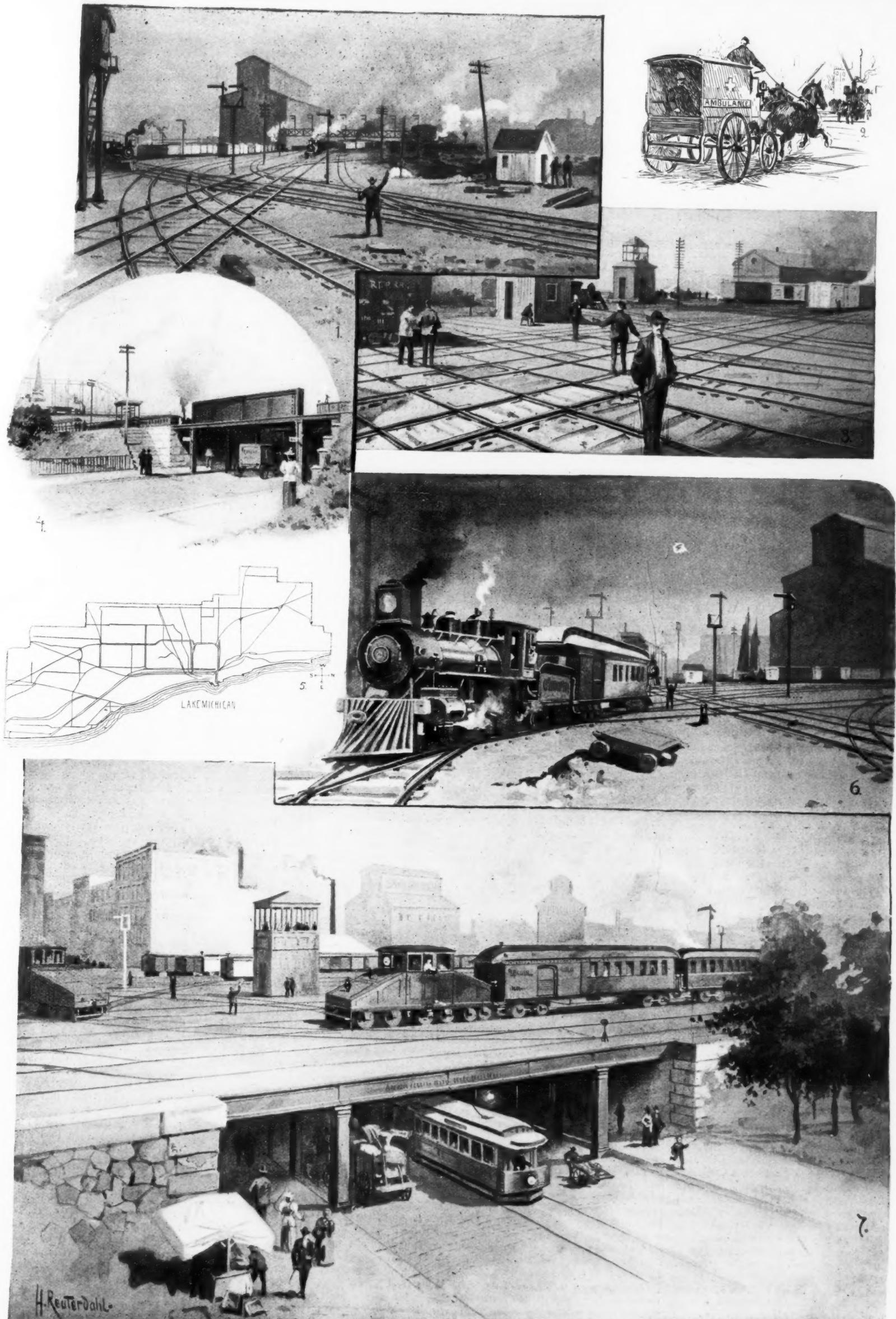


COMRADES MEET AFTER THIRTY YEARS.



CROSSING SIXTH AVENUE BRIDGE.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC AT PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA—  
FEATURES OF THE PARADE OF VETERANS.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. HEMMETT.—(SEE PAGE 192.)  
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1. CROSSING OF STEWART AVENUE AND TWENTY-FIRST STREET, LOOKING NORTH. 2. A VICTIM OF THE GRADE CROSSING. 3. THE LAKE SHORE AND ROCK ISLAND CROSSING AT SIXTEENTH STREET. 4. ILLINOIS CENTRAL CROSSING AT SIXTY-FOURTH STREET—ELEVATED. 5. MAP OF CHICAGO'S RAILROAD NET. 6. STEWART AVENUE AND TWENTY-FIRST STREET CROSSING, LOOKING WEST (CONSIDERED THE MOST DANGEROUS RAILROAD CROSSING IN CHICAGO). 7. ELEVATED STRUCTURE IN OPERATION.

#### TRACK ELEVATION IN CHICAGO.

THE ENTIRE RAILWAY SYSTEM OF THE CITY, EMBRACING THIRTY ROADS, TO BE ELEVATED AT A PROBABLE COST OF TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS.—DRAWN FROM SKETCHES BY H. REUTERDAHL.—[SEE PAGE 188.]  
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# AN UNEXPECTED DÉBUT.

BY PHILIP S. ALLEN.

**M**R. HUGHES!"

John Hughes looked around. Could he have lost his senses? There was Mr. Osgood, the manager of the great Commercial Hotel, hastening toward him with as much speed as his portliness would permit, after calling him by name across the crowded office. In a moment Osgood had overtaken him and shaken hands. "Glad to see you back, Mr. Hughes."

"Thanks," answered the person addressed, wondering what could be the reason of this cordiality.

"I have taken a great liberty with you, my dear Hughes," continued the manager, hesitatingly.

"Namely?"

"Well, you see, Lord Mervyn came here the other day and wanted accommodations for a night or two. The house was full—convention of dentists here then, you know. I disliked to turn away so distinguished a member of the English nobility," (this with a very pompous manner,) "and so, knowing you were out of town for a few days, I gave him your room."

"Is he here yet?"

"No; left this afternoon."

"All right, then, of course," pursued Hughes with mock seriousness; "it should not be done for every one, but for so distinguished a gentleman as Lord Mervyn I am only too proud of the honor."

John Hughes—or Jack, as he was more generally known—was a much overworked art-critic on the morning *Telegram*. A young fellow, brought up in luxury, his lot in life had been an easy and contented one till there came a change which affected his whole future career. While in his senior year at college he was called home by the death of his father, and found, somewhat to his surprise, no legacy except an un-sullied reputation and a good many debts. Through the influence of an uncle he secured a position on the *Telegram* and set manfully to work to meet his obligations and to support his mother. He was rapidly advanced, for he liked his work and toiled faithfully at it, and was now on the editorial staff of the great newspaper.

As he entered his room and proceeded to divest himself of his wraps, he thrust his foot against an object lying half-concealed by the edge of the bureau. Picking it up he examined it curiously. It was the photograph of a young woman, clad becomingly in furs. A pair of smiling eyes looked out at him from under the shadow of a dainty little cap. Who on earth could it be? Jack scratched his head in perplexity. Then, turning it over, he saw written on the back, "To Charles Mervyn, in loving remembrance of H. P." "Charles Mervyn;" that must be the young sprig to whom Osgood had given the room. Why could H. P. want to give her picture to a man like that? And then there was that "in loving remembrance," too. Well, he certainly didn't care about it, only—

Next morning, as Jack entered the press-room of the *Telegram*, he met the theatrical reporter, satchel in hand, pacing impatiently up and down. "I want you to do me a favor, Jack," he said. "Grandmother dead—apoplexy; want to catch the 9:10 for Boston. Will you write up 'Rosalind' to-night? It's at the 'Star.'"

Jack said at first he couldn't do it, but in his good nature finally consented. At eight o'clock in the evening he started for the theatre. Just as he was passing into the house he felt a tremendous slap on the shoulder, and next moment some one had grasped both his hands and was shaking them violently.

Jack looked up and saw a little man of sandy complexion, whose blue eyes were gazing into his with all the joy of recognition.

"Jack, old man, you haven't forgotten me, have you?"

"Forgotten you, my boy? Well, I hope not. Thought you were abroad."

"I was. Got tired of wandering about, and looked around for something to do. Look here, what do you think of this?" He handed Jack a card upon which was engraved, "Mr. Ernest Ruthen, Manager of Harriet Parkhurst Company."

Jack laughed. "So this is the end of your studying in Berlin, is it?"

"Never studied much. Couldn't get the hang of the German language, somehow."

They entered the café and seated themselves at a side table.

"What are you doing now, Jack?" asked Ruthen.

"On the *Telegram* staff; came to write up 'Rosalind.' How much of a notice do you want—will two columns do?"

"Are you in earnest, Jack?"

"Certainly."

"Two columns in the *Telegram*? That means success. Now, Jack, you will get your reward immediately. Come and see Miss Parkhurst again. Shall we look on from the stage or the house?"

"The stage, by all means."

They turned down an alley-way which ran by the side of the theatre, and passed in a narrow little door which a dirty sign announced to be the stage entrance. A few steps further down a passage and they stood upon the stage. The curtain was down. Everywhere there was confusion. Employés were hastening to and fro, carrying furniture and shifting huge pieces of canvas. A file of soldiers were rehearsing their drill noiselessly with their captain. The stage-manager, in his shirt-sleeves, was giving orders to all—cool, collected, undismayed by the chaos of scattered articles by which he was surrounded.

Ruthen made his way skillfully between the scenes, and Jack followed him more slowly.

"Miss Parkhurst, let me make you acquainted with my friend, Mr. Hughes."

As Ruthen spoke Jack raised his eyes and found a young lady. Yes, there was no possibility of mistake; she was the original of his photograph. There were the soft furs nestling close to the slender throat, the dainty cap set coquettishly upon the dark head. "I am sorry, Mr. Hughes," Jack heard her saying, "but I am very late and will have to hurry with my dressing."

She had gone. Jack sat down upon a box and shook his head to see if he were really awake.

"Anything wrong?" asked Ruthen.

"Heart disease," answered Jack, with a smile.

"Now," said Ruthen, as the call bell rang, "let's make for a box and see the play."

The house was barely half-filled with people, and long rows of vacant seats met their eyes as they entered the box. The incandescent lights, shining upon the red-and-gold hangings of the big theatre, lent a very desirable air of comfort and warmth to it; still there was a look of discontent in Ruthen's eyes as he cast a quick glance around the audience.

"That house won't pay expenses," he said, as he saw Jack's inquiring look.

"How long are you going to run her?"

"Billed for three weeks, worse luck," growled Ruthen.

"Bet you a fiver you have a crowded house to-morrow night," said the critic complacently.

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say," answered Jack. "Now, old man, do not interrupt me; I have got to begin," and taking out a note-book Jack commenced to write.

Ruthen entered the theatre the next afternoon and found his way blocked by a line of people which stretched from the box-office to the street. His countenance was no longer clouded with anxiety, but he was the picture of content, and his eyes beamed through his glasses as though he were at peace with all mankind.

Exchanging a furtive wink with the ticket-seller, he entered the house, where he found a rehearsal in full progress. The actors, who till that day had been noticeably listless and indifferent, had developed an energy as sudden as it was surprising. Even the brusque stage-manager, yielding to the general enthusiasm, had softened the notes of his harsh voice to an astonishing degree of mildness.

"Standing-room Only" stared the public in the face as they passed by the entrance of the "Star" that evening. Jack stood before the sign-board and contemplated it with no little satisfaction. How strange it all seemed. Last night he had grudgingly come to write up a new play. He had met in Ruthen an old college chum; had found Harriet Parkhurst to be the original of the photograph, and had won success for them by his glowing description of the play. He had done himself a good turn, too, though an indirect one, for the editor of

the *Telegram*, Mr. Hendricks, spurred on by the excellence of his article, had seen fit to compliment him upon it and make a material addition to his present salary. Just then Ruthen caught sight of him employed in staring vacantly at the sign, seized him and bore him off to the ticket office.

"You have done me a good turn, Jack," he said; "positively saved me from bankruptcy."

"Bosh!" said Jack; but he was pleased all the same, and went up to a portrait of Miss Parkhurst as *Rosalind* to hide his confusion.

"Beautiful woman, Miss Parkhurst, eh?" asked Ruthen, darting a quick look at Jack.

"More than beautiful—charming, I should say."

"Just so," said Ruthen.

Two weeks have sped quickly by, and "Rosalind" is still playing to crowded houses. Jack and Ruthen have become as inseparable as it is possible for two beings, whose time is so occupied, to be, and all of Jack's spare moments are spent in Ruthen's office. To-night he is writing at Ruthen's desk. He is all alone, and hearing the door open, he does not look up.

"Ruthen in?"

It is a stout old gentleman who has addressed him, with a very courteous manner and very neatly dressed.

"Beg pardon," says Jack. "Thought you were he. He has not come in yet. Will you not be seated?"

"Thanks; can't wait. Will call later. Kindly give him my card."

Jack nods, and the gentleman bows very politely and leaves. The critic glances indifferently at the card: "Charles Mervyn, Bart., Cheswick, England."

A little later Ruthen enters and finds Jack standing in the centre of the room, apparently oblivious to all his surroundings, whistling a tune from "Erminie."

"What's happened now, Jack?"

Jack hands him the card.

"His lordship sez ez how he'd call later," he remarked.

The manager gazed at his friend in no little surprise. For the past few days he had seemed rather moody and despondent, and now he was suddenly changed.

"Be back in a minute; want to mail some letters," Jack said, picking up his hat.

Truly he took a long way to get to a mailbox. Passing through the door over which was the legend, "Stage entrance," and nodding to the door-keeper, whose grim old face slowly relaxed into a smile as he saw who it was—for Jack had become a great favorite with all—he asked for Miss Parkhurst.

"Said she couldn't see no one to-night," croaked Cerberus; "but I'll risk you every time."

Jack pressed a coin into the willing hand of the door-keeper and groped his way carefully along till he came to the actress's door.

"Can I come in?"

"That depends on who it is," answered the person on the other side of the door calmly.

"It's me."

"Who is 'me'?"

"Jack."

"Jack who?"

"Jack Hughes," said the critic coolly. "Now if my catechism is satisfactorily answered, let me revert to the original question. Can I come in?"

The door was opened.

"I am penciling my eyebrows; sit down and watch me," said this frank young maiden.

She returned to the mirror and resumed operations on the eyebrows.

"Won't you please be seated?" she said, sweetly, after Jack had wandered around the room for several minutes.

"Where, for instance?" he asked, glancing vainly around the room for an unoccupied chair. "There doesn't seem to be a vacant article of furniture anywhere."

"There is always the floor," suggested the actress, carelessly, putting a finishing touch to the eyebrows.

"Or the ceiling," said Jack.

"Now," said Miss Parkhurst, "let's go and try the first scene on the stage. I will be the maiden fair and you can act the disappointed lover."

The scene was all set, and the actress sank into a great arm-chair which was drawn up before the fireplace. Jack settled himself upon a stool at her feet.

"How long before the play commences?" he asked.

"Oh, not for some time. The bell will give you warning, and, besides, the orchestra is still playing."

Jack was most unaccountably silent.

"A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Hughes."

"Do you really want to know them, Miss Parkhurst?"

Harriet nodded.

"Well, then," said Jack, "here they are. I was thinking of how well you—"

His sentence was destined never to be finished. A bell sounded, and simultaneously the great curtain rose, disclosing to the critic's astonished gaze the dazzling gleam of the foot-lights and the eager faces of a large audience. For a brief moment he hesitated, so suddenly had it all happened, and then he was about to arise from the stool upon which he had seated himself, when Harriet laid her hand on his arm and said, hurriedly:

"Act as though you were terribly embarrassed."

"What?" gasped Jack, frantically.

Luckily for both, the applause of the audience was now redoubled as they saw what seemed to them a bit of perfect acting, so well did the actors appear to feign embarrassment. Never before had they seen such naturalness, and when Jack's face met their view, the look of agony and appeal upon it only served as added fuel to their admiration, and they burst forth anew with an uproar which seemed to raise the roof.

"Keep it up, Jack," whispered Miss Parkhurst, forgetting in her excitement that she called him by his first name.

"Keep it up?" shouted he, now thoroughly beside himself as he thought of the figure he was cutting; "how can I help keeping it up?"

The applause subsided as the audience saw him about to speak. To Jack's surprise, Harriet now rose and stood above him, her eyes flashing, her face eloquent with anger.

"Yes, Mario, keep it up at all hazards. Continue as you have begun. Follow me with your persecutions as you will, but do not for a moment think that it will aid your cause."

When Jack had seen Harriet approaching him, with a mental "What's coming now, I wonder?" he had risen to his feet prepared for flight. When she spoke, however, he caught his cue. Gazing at her sadly, he began in a broken voice:

"Miss—"

"Rosalind," breathed Harriet, *sotto voce*.

"Miss Rosalind," continued Jack, recklessly, "I have hoped against all reason. Heaven knows you never gave me the slightest encouragement, yet the great love I bear you must plead forgiveness for any unwitting rudeness, Good-bye, my darling. May God bless you!"

"Are you going?" murmured Harriet, faintly, quite aghast at this unexpected eloquence.

"Yes, far away from here. I will never trouble you again, Rosalind. May I now kiss you before we part?"

*Rosalind* seemed to harbor some serious doubts as to the propriety of this request, but there was no time to hesitate, and Jack took her in his arms.

"Mr. Impudence," laughed the actress, as he pressed his lips to hers.

"Couldn't help it," answered Jack, blandly, in an aside, under cover of an expression of deep sorrow. "All in the interest of art, you know. What shall I do now, run for it?"

"Yes; only go slowly, and don't stumble."

Jack strucke sadly away after the most approved fashion.

"Well, I never!" Ruthen was standing behind a piece of scenery mopping the perspiration from his face. "You did nobly, my boy. The leading actor was delayed and has just arrived. The call-boy mistook you for him, thought everything was ready, and rang for the curtain. What a fright I was in when I saw you there!"

"Wouldn't go through that again for a thousand dollars," said Jack.

"You wouldn't, eh?" laughed Ruthen.

A few hours later Ruthen and Miss Parkhurst entered the Richelieu, and were shown to a room in whose centre was a table, set with dainty china and glass. Here they found Jack, gowned up in a most faultless dress suit, impatiently awaiting them.

"Come," said Ruthen, in his quick, nervous manner, "we won't wait for Mervyn. He told me he would be a little late."

Dinner passed off very pleasantly, but no Lord Mervyn appeared.

"Where can Uncle Charles be?" asked Harriet.

"Uncle who?" said Jack.

"Didn't you know Charles Mervyn was my uncle?"

Surely, thought Jack, this is a most eventful evening.

"I wonder," said Ruthen, "if he has mis-taken the room. I'll go down to the office and see if he has been here. Jack, I leave you in Miss Parkhurst's care."

Ruthen was on the point of giving up his

search as fruitless, and was about to return when he met Mervyn just entering the hotel.

"Very sorry to have broken up your little party, Ruthen, but I was unavoidably detained."

"Your niece and Mr. Hughes are waiting for us up-stairs; let's join them."

Ruthen preceded the corpulent baronet up the stairs.

"Here we are, Lord Mervyn," he said, throwing open the door. What was it that caused him to close it again with such haste and an endeavor to put on an expression of unconsciousness?

"Well," said his lordship, somewhat testily, for he had just finished a hard climb, "are they there?"

"Yes, I believe so," said Ruthen.

"Believe so! Don't you know?" and passing by Ruthen quickly he opened the door and stood on the threshold. He turned around. "They seem to be engaged, Ruthen," he said, with an attempt at dignity. "Shall we have a game of billiards?"

### The Race Question.

#### SHOULD THE COLORED CITIZENS AT THE SOUTH EMIGRATE WESTWARD?

A SOLUTION of the race question at the South becomes more vexed as time advances. Difficulties are augmented commensurately with theories and conditions.

A new South has arisen sublimely out of the *débris* of war, but the spirit which gave rise to race difficulties remains.

Many who have viewed the situation in the clear light of reason and calm judgment have come to a definite conclusion that the Southern people will never practically settle the race question to the credit of the American people. Conditions of temperament, training, association, and antecedent history make it improbable, if not impossible for the South to grapple with so stupendous a question dispassionately.

Furthermore, the ambitious and aggressive tendency of the colored people to rise out of what a Southerner has termed "the sloven savagery of the past" only antagonizes the situation. Intrusion upon newly-acquired rights and privileges will naturally meet with resentment by the colored people. If the premises thus drawn have the shadow of substantiality there is only one way out of the dilemma—emigration.

With no other reasonable choice a practicable exodus from the South becomes an absolute necessity. Local race disturbances affecting the political and social life, as the South illustrates, must eventually take a choice between emigration or revolution. This is all the more noticeable when public sentiment at the South is inflamed by a delusive fear of "negro domination," linked with a fabulous social suspicion. The fecundity of the colored people situated in a mass in the very heart of the South does not remove the scare nor alleviate crime. Moreover, we doubt seriously the wisdom of seven-eighths of our colored population located and multiplying in a section of country uncongenial to life, liberty, and happiness. The immortal glory which Southerners have found in the colored man is that "he is the best laborer in the world." It is needless to say that the prestige which the South has had in the commercial world is due largely to the superiority of colored labor.

Let this channel of industry be turned West. The South is already having a smack of foreign labor after the Italian, Hungarian sort. Let it be tried fairly. Let the colored people reach out to the great West with its undeveloped resources. The inducements of the West are ample and gratifying. We shall understand the term *West* remotely. Climatically speaking, the fittest will survive. The Norwegian and Scandinavian population of the Northwest are admirably adapted to the rigorous climate of that region. Colored people could hardly be expected to endure such a radical change. Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and California furnish abundant occupations for every colored citizen in the United States. Some local advantages may be summed up as follows:

1.—The States mentioned are climatically advantageous, verging between a temperate and semi-tropical climate.

2.—The resources of said States are partly undeveloped, affording congenial occupation to Southern labor.

3.—Southern labor consumes commensurately with production, therefore more desirable than Chinese or other foreign labor.

4.—The barriers in the way of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness scarcely exist in the States spoken of.

An idea of the vast area of the remote West will be seen when it is remembered that the

estimated square miles of California and Arizona are equal to the area of seven South Atlantic and Gulf States. The population of seven Southern States is one hundred and fifty-seven to a square mile, while the population of five great Western States is seven to a square mile. South Carolina, which is densely populated with colored people, contains thirty-three persons to a square mile. California, with five times the area of South Carolina, has five persons to a square mile.

Of all the great Western States perhaps California and Arizona are the most prospective points of emigration for the colored people. The Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys in central and northern California, with a continuous stretch of about one thousand miles, promise to be among the greatest grain and fruit-growing districts in the world. Chinese labor has proved unsatisfactory in this region. Contracts have already been made, offering special inducements to colored labor from the South. To show that our suggestions are not visionary we will notice the marvelous influx of colored people to California alone. In the last two years the colored population in the State has doubtless increased one-third. In the city of Oakland this is the fact. Whereas the interior has the advantage of growth. These people have emigrated from Virginia, South Carolina, Tennessee, Kansas, Texas, and other States. I know of two constituted churches in Tennessee which sold their church property at home and emigrated to California and Colorado respectively. The pastors of said churches came with them. Ninety per cent. of the membership of the church of which I am pastor consists of people who have come West in the last five years. They have come mostly from the far Southeast. They have come to stay. They consist mostly of families. Female domestics receive fabulous wages as house-servants in the West, as compared with the East. The demand for house-servants among the colored people is far beyond the supply. Oriental help has been employed in the West because none other could be secured. What is true of California is also true of Arizona. The resources of Arizona are in such a crude state that the people must depend largely upon California for staple products. I have been importuned to get a colony of colored people from the South to settle on some of the best land in Arizona, with special inducements.

The practical trend of our colored citizens emigrating westward, notwithstanding great expense and difficulties entailed by long journeys, goes far in advance of a theory. reputable colored men would find a more practicable and advantageous employment in founding a bureau-syndicate of colonization and transportation westward than in speculating upon wild and visionary theories of an exodus to Africa. Were all other conditions favorable, what has Africa to offer us from a standpoint of civilization? Did ever a people rise by aid of those who were farther down than themselves? If the colored people are to rise equally with other peoples it must be by contact with the white people. America is the land above all others where Ethiopia shall stretch out her hand unto God. It is the American West that offers the sons of Ethiopia an asylum where they may enjoy the blessings of liberty, the rights of citizenship, the pursuit of happiness, unmolested.

Let no one suppose that the suggestions here offered could be carried out in a day or a year. If our hopes in this direction could be practically realized within a decade or two a great point will have been gained for civilization. Much less do we anticipate an emigration sufficient to remove the colored people as a whole from the South, but that said emigration must be great enough to remove them as a *mass* without saying. When the political complexion of the South shall have been changed, other disturbances which are subterfuges for riot and bloodshed will be at an end. Colored men find it useless to assert their political rights at the expense of their lives, in order to uphold a government which is either indifferent or powerless to protect them as citizens.

We have thus arrived at this view of the question after twenty years of public observation at the South and three years in California.

R. A. McGUINN.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA,

### The Omaha Guards.

THE Omaha Guards, who were the winners of the Governor's cup at the encampment of the Nebraska National Guard, at Lincoln, have done much toward raising the standard of the militiamen in Nebraska and the central West.

At the South Omaha stock-yards strike, recently, after spending thousands of dollars in employing deputies, the State finally called out

the militia, the Guards being the first company upon the ground, and the only one permitted to charge the crowd with their pieces loaded with ball cartridges. From South Omaha the Guards were ordered direct to the encampment, where they won the State trophy, in the shape of the Governor's cup, a massive eighteen-inch gold-and-silver affair, Sergeant Walker, of the company, further winning the gold medal as the best individually-drilled soldier. The company, which was originally an independent organization, lately entered the State militia, and is known as Company G. During the encampment just closed a midnight alarm was unexpectedly sounded by order of Brigadier-General Colby, at two o'clock in the morning, to test the alertness and promptness of the various companies, there being twenty-four in camp, and to the Omaha Guards fell the honor of being the first company to report at headquarters, the second company to report arriving three minutes later. For this Captain Mulford and the company received the thanks of the Governor and the brigadier-general.

The Guards are officered by H. B. Mulford, captain; C. I. Wilson, who is a son of Major Wilson of the regular army, first lieutenant; and W. B. Teneyck, a young attorney, as second lieutenant. The company is one of the richest in the United States, possessing four full uniforms, the fifty-two full-dress suits alone costing some three thousand dollars. They are quartered in a spacious armory, and are the proud possessors of a Gatling gun of the latest approved pattern. The success of the company is entirely due to the untiring efforts of Captain H. B. Mulford, a former naval cadet, and, in a measure, also to the help and encouragement which the company continually receives at the hands of the regular army officers stationed at the Department Headquarters of the Platte, located in Omaha. Colonel Henry, of cavalry fame, is a charter patron, and has devoted whole days of his time toward giving the company pointers, while the members can always depend on General John R. Brooke for favors. Major Benham is another regular army officer usually remembered in the company toasts, for he has made it a practice for years to entertain the entire company, for a day's shoot, at the government rifle-range at Bellevue.

G. W. S.

### THE AMATEUR AFIELD

#### YACHTING AT THE SOUTH.



COMMODORE THOMAS SULLY.

are more and more to be seen, with each newest season, the snowy canvas and the distinguishing pennants of pleasure craft. By degrees, in the South's new prosperity, yachting is becoming an institution no less thriving and quite as tenacious in its competitions and its enthusiasms as at the North.

At nearly every gulf port a club, big or little, gives cohesion to the sport; regattas are constant, though little heard of elsewhere, and in these contests the seamanship of the amateur sailors is so perfect that sometimes old Neptune throws away his trident in a green rage from fear of losing his situation as god of the seas.

The Southern Yacht Club, of New Orleans, leads Mobile, Galveston, Pensacola, and the rest. It has in Lake Pontchartrain a beautiful, if sometimes a little choppy, expanse of sea for home cruising and the brief sail, while the coast beyond the Rigolets, toward Pass Christian (pronounced as you would Mary Ann) and Biloxi, and the courses to the southward among the numberless charming islands of the gulf afford ample opportunity for seamanship and for pleasure in bigger waters. It is among the fashion resorts of the gulf coast, including the two mentioned, that the Southern Club, with its fifty odd sail, first comes to anchor in the great annual cruise, and at one of these resorts a regatta is sailed, in which the crack vessels of other ports take part. Then the white fleet, re-enforced by vessels from other clubs, and as gay as the traditional good-fellowship of the sea

can make it, houses its bunting, bangs its saluting pieces, and with its goodly company of guests, of whom the gentler sex, if in smaller force, is by no means the less in enthusiasm, makes away for a leisurely week among the islands.

Good anchorages are found, the fishing is the finest in the world, tropic warmth is neutralized by constant breezes, calls are made from ship to ship, the commodore's annual banquet is held on board the flag-ship, with wines and good cheer, the labored mirth of "oratory afloat," the roaring song, the composing weed, the unceasing large story from the sedate elder between sensations of landing the big red-snapper or the shining gasper-ghoul, your adolescent mariner coaxing the adored one or making merry for her party that his suit may be the better prosper, the shrewd outlook by seniors and the captains for the dreaded sudden hurricane or the black squall—these are some of the things that while away a too-short week and hasten the regretful signal of "homeward bound."

The new commodore of the Southern Club, Mr. Thomas Sully, is a leading architect of the South. The child of a Virginia father and a Maine mother, he blends the sturdy brawn and close mental fibre of New England with the impulsive warmth of the South. He is a great nephew of the late General Alfred Sully, of the army, and of Thomas Sully, the Philadelphia artist, who gained renown through his success in painting Queen Victoria from life. At seventeen young Sully ran away and shipped as a seaman, rounding to ultimately at New York, where he became a draughtsman in the office of J. Morgan Slade, a noted architect of his day. In 1881 he set up for himself at architecture in New Orleans. He is now connected officially with numerous State corporations, and a member of several clubs, including the Boston, of New Orleans, the leading social club of the South. He designed and built the only successful cellar in New Orleans, that of the Whitney National Bank, now used as a safe-deposit vault. The water was within eighteen inches of the surface, but an expenditure of fifteen thousand dollars accomplished the impossible and made a perfect cellar, twenty by thirty feet, and as dry as a second-story chamber.

Other traces of his skill are the big Baldwin hardware building in New Orleans, whose second story carries one thousand pounds to the square foot, an unprecedented feature of architecture, due to the absence of cellar storage for the firm's iron; the Tulane Medical College and several office buildings of New Orleans, more than sixty residences on St. Charles Street, New Orleans; Lookout Inn, on Lookout Mountain, Tennessee; the Richardson office-building and other structures of Chattanooga; and the Vicksburg Hotel, at Vicksburg, Mississippi. He is now on his greatest work, a million-dollar office-building in New Orleans for the London and Liverpool and Globe Insurance Company.

In one of his big jobs Mr. Sully disbursed six hundred thousand dollars without being asked to show a receipt till final settlement—a mark of confidence in which he takes pride.

His only enthusiasms are his profession and yachting. He is a man of fine appearance, thirty-eight years old. He owns the pretty steam-yacht *Helen*, has an interest in the crack sloop *Alice*, and brought the first naphtha launch to these waters.

EDSON BRACE.



HON. WALTER B. RICHIE, of Lima, Ohio, who was recently elected Supreme Chancellor of the World by the Knights of Pythias encampment at Washington, has been for many years one of the most eminent members of the organization, and his personal popularity, together with his enthusiastic devotion to the Pythian cause, made his selection unanimous. He is remarkably genial man, slightly past forty, and ranks high as a lawyer in Ohio and other States where his talents have been employed. Though constantly importuned by his Democratic admirers in Ohio to be a candidate for Congress or Governor, he has persistently refused. At the same time he has been prominent in party affairs, especially as manager of Senator Brice's interests, and may possibly, in spite of himself, be the Democratic nominee for Governor of Ohio in 1895.

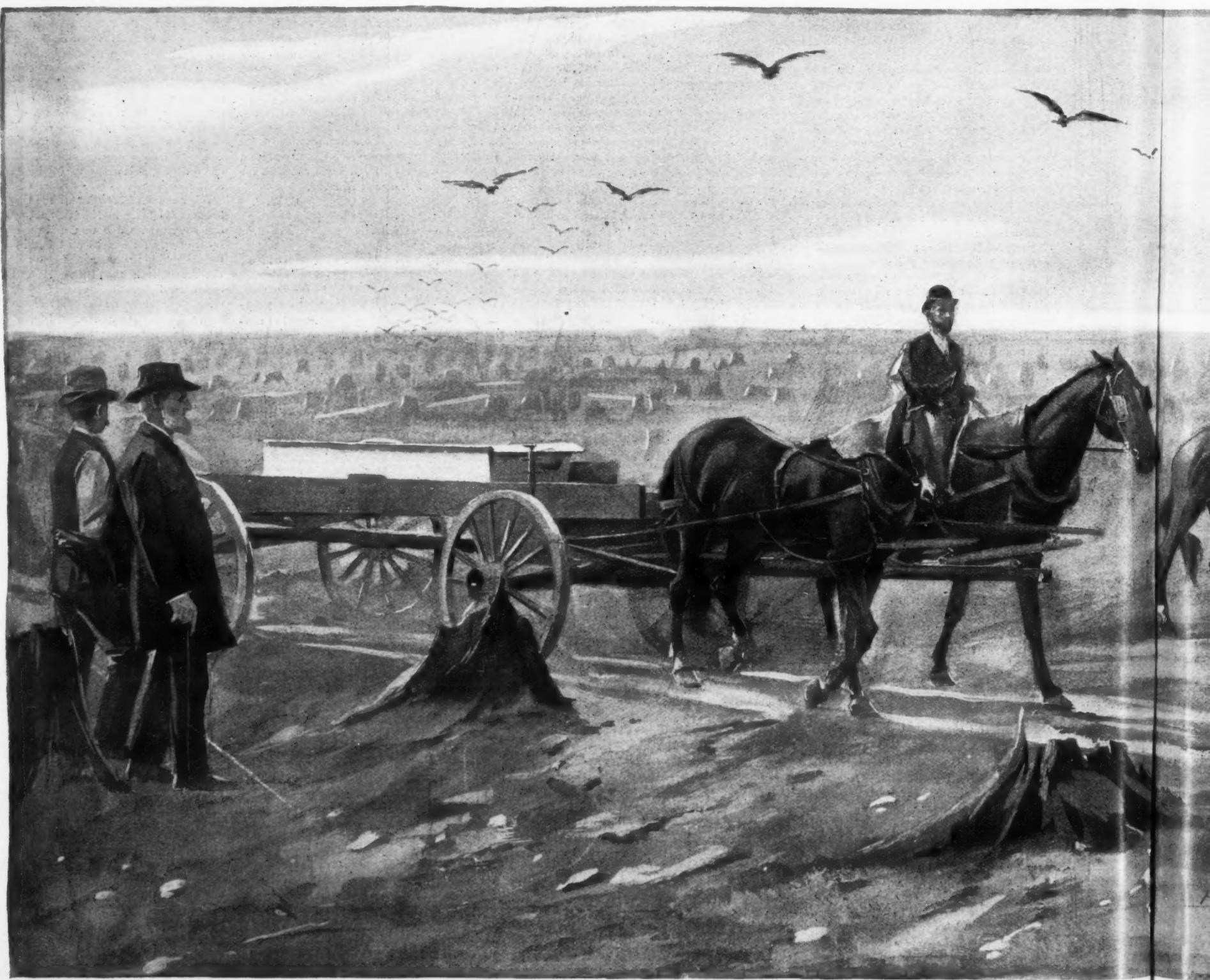
FRANK B. GUSSNER.



THE REMAINS OF AN ENTIRE FAMILY FOUND BY A SEARCHING PARTY.



THE SAND-PIT WHERE MANY REFUGEES FOUND SHELTER.



A FUNERAL PROCESSION.

THE TRACK OF THE RECENT NORWICH  
SCENES IN AND AROUND THE SITE OF HINCKLEY, MINNESOTA, TWO DAYS AFTER THE TERRIBLE VISITATION.  
Copyrighted by the American Weekly Company



ES FOUND SHELTER.



BURNED DISTRICT SURROUNDING THE TOWN OF HINCKLEY.

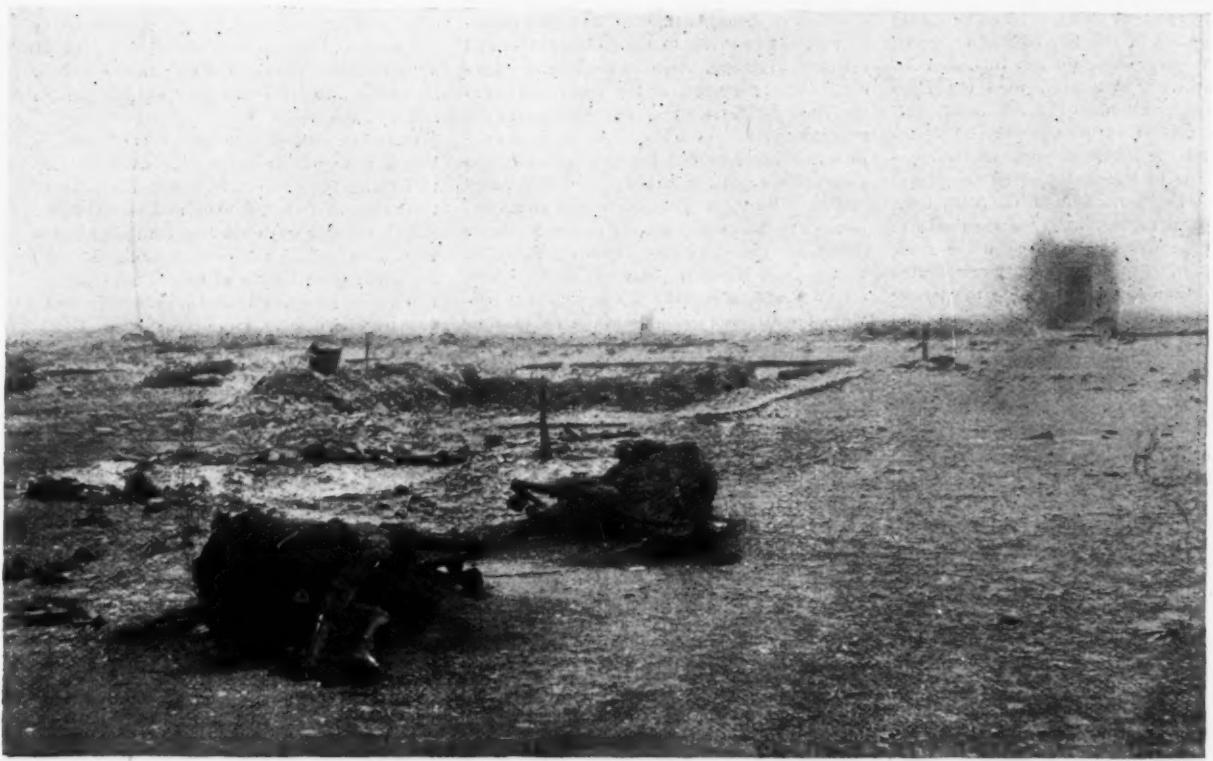


## RECENT NORTHWESTERN FIRES.

THE TERRIBLE VISITATION.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR LESLIE'S WEEKLY—(SEE PAGE 188.)  
by the Artell Weekly Company.



PERISHED ON THE ROAD.



CATTLE BURNED IN THE STREETS OF HINCKLEY.

## TRACK ELEVATION IN CHICAGO.

WORK has at last been begun in the great task of track elevation in Chicago. After several futile attempts an ordinance has been passed by the city council which has proved acceptable to the railroads concerned, and the Lake Shore and Rock Island Railroad companies have paid over to the city the sum of fifty thousand dollars each in quittance of land-damages claims, and have begun to lay the foundations for the retaining walls which shall carry a solid causeway for the tracks of the two companies seven miles south of the city's centre. Plans are now under consideration for the elevation of other eastern and southern trunk lines, and after these are decided attention will be given to the western and northern lines, until the whole vast system of tracks which encumber the surface of the city with a network of iron is finally removed, and the lines restricted to some half-dozen elevated trunk terminals.

The subject of track elevation is one which has been fought for years in Chicago, where the average sacrifice of life upon the surface tracks is over one a day (in 1893 the number was 389). As the main principles of the problem are common to all large cities, the solution will have an important bearing upon the situation in all large railway centres, the more so as this city is the key to the greater part of the railway systems of the United States. More than a score of trunk lines making this city a terminal are directly interested, and when elevation is adopted here on an extensive scale there will be no good reason why every other railway terminal city in the land should not follow its example. This is, indeed, said to be the real reason why the plan was not adopted before, as engineers have pointed out its entire feasibility as well as ultimate economy in reduction of working expenses.

The problem presented is immense in labor and expenditure, but comparatively simple in its engineering features. The district in which track elevation is to be first undertaken is about five miles in width and eight in length. It is practically level, with a sandy soil and abundance of sand and gravel within easy reach. The main difficulty lies in the multiplicity of the tracks themselves, which do not enter the city in the form of a geometrical spider-web, but instead, in the proud diction of the Chicagoans, "form the most complicated network of railway intersection in the civilized world." They cross and recross each other in the most bewildering manner, so that if a general elevation is once attempted, it seems necessary to accompany it by a sweeping reformation and simplification of the whole system.

Thirty railways, embracing with their connections more than half the railway mileage of the country, converge into six terminal stations in the centre of the city, and in doing so tie themselves into a juggler's knot that only their own engineers know how to unravel. For example: Every Fort Wayne (Pennsylvania) train in and out of the city crosses, at grade, every other line entering the city from the east, south, southwest, and west, from the Lake Shore line clear round to the northwest, with the sole exception of the Chicago and Northwestern, and the Milwaukee and St. Paul systems. Nor is this condition at all peculiar to that road. Every train from the east, upon whatever road, crosses at grade the tracks of a dozen or more other railroads. Beside these trunk lines the subject is further complicated by four belt-line roads, intersecting the former at various distances from the city's centre and constantly occupied in transferring trains.

It was because of this fact of Chicago's being the great round-house, as it were, of the railway systems of the country, rather than any excess of the lawless spirit among the railroad employés or the working classes generally, that caused Chicago to be recognized by the American Railway Union as the great strategic point in the fight. They knew that if they tied up the railroads in Chicago they tied them up over the great portion of the United States.

But to return to the topographical situation. The innumerable crossings form but one of the many difficulties which have long tended to make track elevation an impossible dream. When the majority of these lines first laid their tracks into Chicago the city was an ordinary Western terminal surrounded by numerous cross-road settlements, at which, upon the wide prairies, the roads spread out into extensive freight and switching yards, with the accompanying repair-shops, round-houses, etc. Now these

yards, occupying many hundreds of acres, are included in the rapidly-growing city, to the serious interruption of street traffic and injury to neighboring property. European railway terminals have learned how to handle freight and to make up trains far more conveniently and rapidly by using two levels and less surface, but American railways "want the earth," and in Chicago they take it. These yards are from twenty to over one hundred tracks in width, in the business centre of the second largest city in the country. The property owned by the railways in the business district of Chicago was estimated, two years ago, by a committee of the Chicago Real Estate Board, at 11,616,719 square feet, and valued at \$50,271,326. The streets unlawfully occupied would probably make fully half as much more of ground (mostly public streets).

In addition to these are the crossing-yards, all of them the scene of many a "grade-crossing horror." One of these, at Stewart Avenue and Twenty-first Street (less than two miles from the city hall), where the Western Indiana tracks (used by six lines), the Chicago and Alton, the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne, the Illinois Central (western division), and the Santa Fé cross each other, occupies twenty acres and boasts the largest interlocking-switch system in America. The fifty-point levers (or switch-bars) throw thirteen single points, thirty-seven "cross-overs," and twenty-two "puzzle switches," while fifty-eight other levers control one to five signals each. At this crossing it is said that there is never a minute, day or night, when a moving train is not in sight. And this is but one of many similar "complicated networks of railway intersection" in Chicago.

Visitors to the Columbian Exposition will remember the raised tracks of the Illinois Central road just west of Jackson Park. It was simply a raised bed of sand, carrying eight tracks and crossing streets upon steel viaducts. Its construction cost the company \$1,360,000 (a small sum compared to the cost of elevated railway terminals in London), and was effected without delaying the passage of a single train. At Sixty-third Street the electric cars pass under the viaduct, and the South Side elevated road passes over a span two hundred and twenty-nine feet long. Besides the Illinois Central traffic, regular and suburban (and the extra World's Fair traffic last year), these tracks also carry the heavy traffic of the Michigan Central and Canada Southern railroads. During all the congested period of 1893 there was not a collision or accident of any kind to train or passenger upon this elevated system; a powerful argument in itself for track elevation. The chief fault of this work is that it is incomplete; that the tracks descend to the surface three miles north of the southern line of Jackson Park, and follow the lake front and enter the terminal station at grade.

It is unfortunate that in adopting plans for the elevation of the other tracks in the city, preference should be given to the cheaper earth and masonry work over the more open and less unsightly steel construction, the former being entirely unsuitable to either the business or the residence district of a city. According to the plan now being carried out, the tracks of the Lake Shore and Rock Island roads will leave the station at Harrison Street and run south several blocks at grade, beginning to rise at Sixteenth Street, and crossing above grade the Santa Fé, Fort Wayne, Wabash, and other roads, whose elevation will be considered later. Thirty subways for street-crossings will be provided by depressing the street surface four to five feet and carrying the tracks across upon steel spans. The general elevation will be nine to ten feet, but at two points the tracks are to approach within four feet of grade to allow the roads access to their respective yards. This appears to be a needless provision, as the yards should be abolished from the city proper.

One great advantage of a thorough and well-constructed elevated system will be the increase of speed, or rapid transit, for suburban service, and a marked shortening of time on through trains, it requiring now from forty-five to fifty minutes between the Indiana State line and the city station. With the elevated terminal and block system this will be reduced one-half, with almost entire safety to passengers and no interruption of city traffic.

Besides the shortening of time there will necessarily be an economy of operation, with a new system of switching and "making up," and it is probable, very soon the total abolition

of the coal-burning locomotive for city service, electric motors taking their place and abating the nuisance of smoke and cinders from which Chicago has long been a patient sufferer.

It is probable that the whole cost of track elevation in Chicago will be well within twenty million dollars, instead of two hundred million dollars as previously estimated, and the work is likely to be completed before the dawning of the twentieth century. Then will Chicago at last see her streets her own, from the prairies to the lake.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

### The Western Fires.

We have already given an account of the terrible devastation of the recent fires in the Northwest. The stories of the eye-witnesses who escaped from Hinckley, Sandstone, and other towns add a ghastly realism to the history of this most horrible of tragedies.

Two months of drought had parched this area. Some heedless hunters' camp-fire was but half raked out. A gust of wind revived the dying coals. For days the thick smoke oozed through the silent woods, spreading bewildering shadows everywhere—a treacherous warning, since none could tell whence it came. At noon on the 1st the sun shone a dim, red disk in the hot, yellow sky, but soon its light was hidden and black, unnatural night rolled down a curtain till the tragedy should begin. Men ceased their work and stumbled toward their homes, all now in dread. Far away in the wood a deep rumbling was borne by the rising wind nearer and nearer, until its mighty roar drowned the shrieks of the terrified as they ran blindly seeking shelter. The wind became a hurricane, before which the helpless refugees were driven, falling in unfamiliar ways as they ran on. Then with their withering breath the flames burst high in air and seemed to beat upon the fated towns, and instantly a thousand fires appeared and swept all things before them.

At the first warning rumbling at Hinckley many ran for shelter from the coming storm, hiding below the river's protecting banks; but those that hesitated or trusted to the fancied security of their homes are charred and shapeless corpses, buried in rude trenches or in unmarked graves. Hundreds of frightful forms portrayed the unimaginable horror of their death. Clasping her children in her fleshless arms, some mother's love had baffled even death, and still she held her dear ones to her breast; and thus they buried her. Writhing in their unconscious agony (for most must have lost their reason in the first fierce blast), some knelt in supplication on burnt stumps of limbs, or clutched their fleshless fingers in the earth. So on through the dreadful list. A chamber of horrors more ghastly than ever dreamt of could be filled to fearful repletion from any of these vanished villages.

Into the breath of the black inferno at Hinckley two trains were flying, bearing their loads of precious human lives. Before them blazed the bridges of the town, half hidden in smoke, and turning back, they ran a race for life. One laden with four hundred refugees gained free ground, but as the other fled its coaches burst in flames. But a hero stood at the throttle, and though the clothing burnt upon his back he ran his train into a swamp and helped to drive the frantic passengers to safety in the water.

Out of an unused well fragments of fourteen bodies were taken; within one door-yard lay two entire families, and buried in the cellar of their home a father, mother, and two children met their death while clawing with their hands to dig a way into the earthen wall. But the fierce fire spared little of its victims. Among two hundred corpses buried side by side in one vast trench but three were recognizable.

This is, in brief, the fate that came to twelve prosperous towns within the track of that terrible flame.

Strewn all about these ruins that were towns, ten thousand domestic animals lie where they fell. Behind every promised shelter some frightened thing has met its death. The swiftest bird could not escape the flame, the fleetest deer fell burning in its track. Five tortured horses plunged in their blind flight over a precipice above the river at Sandstone and met more merciful death upon the rocks a hundred feet below. A bridge spanned the river here, and ten hours after the storm passed the watchman's dog was rescued from the topmost beam of the remaining span, a hundred feet from either bank, a hundred feet above the stream.

The track of this fiery hurricane is marked by many strange sights not seen where timber fires have gone before. The steel rails on the Eastern Minnesota Railroad, near Sandstone, were abruptly curved in a dozen places, always

in the direction whence the fire came, and the ties beneath them show scarce a trace of fire. In other places, where small wooden bridges were entirely burned beneath them, the rails remain almost unharmed. "Balls of blue and yellow fire," "clouds of flame bursting in myriad sparks,"—these are the unanimous expressions of beholders, and mark this fiery battalion which marched a ten-mile line of one unbroken flame (and even now lurks unsatiated, creeping toward other victims) as some more dread combination of the elements than ever traced a wreck-strewn way in the New World.

S. E. WHARTON.

### A Song of Doubt.

I AM not conscious that I love you—  
I've asked my heart, It will not tell—  
Still, I am certain by its beating  
Your love for me it prizes well;  
Your love alone it prizes well.

I feel no troubled, restless pleasure  
Combining bitter with the sweet,  
As if the thorns were 'mong the roses  
On which I press my willing feet,  
On which I tread with willing feet.

I only know that life is sweeter,  
And all its phases grown so dear  
That earthly thoughts and dreams of heaven  
Unite their joys when you are near,  
And heaven to earth seems strangely near.

'Tis of your love alone I'm conscious,  
The love I know and cherish well;  
But whether gift or giver's dearest  
I've asked my heart—it will not tell:  
My happy heart declines to tell.

FRANCES ISABEL CURRIE.

### William Henry Hall.

MR. WILLIAM HENRY HALL, who died recently at Budapest, Hungary, was one of New York's oldest merchants. He was of English parentage, and was born July 21st, 1826, in Hackensack, New Jersey. When a boy of seventeen years he became an apprentice in this city with the firm of Bush & Hillyer. Later on he served with another well-known house, and subsequently he became proprietor of a retail drug store in Bleecker Street, the then fashionable quarter of the city, and by assiduity and perseverance in the management of his business he also became the proprietor of two other retail drug establishments. In 1851 he united his efforts with those of John Ruckel and founded the well-known wholesale drug and importing house of Hall & Ruckel. For nearly thirty years Mr. Hall was the sole proprietor of this house, having various branches in different parts of Europe, Asia, Australia, etc. In this



THE LATE WILLIAM HENRY HALL.

field prosperity greatly crowned his energy, calm judgment, and uncompromising integrity. These recognized sterling qualities in his business life made him conspicuous in New York and sought after by many who desired to avail themselves of his services in places of business trust and honor. He was a member of the Chamber of Commerce and the New York Board of Trade and Transportation; the National Wholesale Drug Association and the New York College of Pharmacy. His judgment in all important matters of finance was eagerly sought and greatly valued.

Although amassing large wealth, this successful man was as modest and retiring as a child. It was a characteristic fact that, with all of the demands upon his time and attention, he continued to the last to keep his desk in a modest office with and surrounded by his clerks, where any one could approach him. Another observable trait of Mr. Hall was his tender sympathy for, and fatherly interest in, the welfare of his employés. Rarely was a man or woman discharged from his employ. He tenderly chided their weaknesses and encouraged them to better performance of duty. As a consequence all about him respected and revered the man whose masterly qualities they continually recognized.



AN AUTUMN FETE COSTUME.

**In Fashion's Glass.**

IT is evident by many tokens to all woman-kind that September days are here. To those who are still roaming in the wildwood it is by the golden-rod, the blue gentian, the brown sedge, and the asters by the brookside. To those of us in town it is the bright and eager eyes, the bronzed cheeks, and the rustle of the summer girl's skirts as she flits from shop to shop, seeking what she may devour in the way of fall novelties.

Then she hies to her modiste and, breathless and despairing, cries out, "You must fit me out at once. I have positively *nothing* to wear." But there is no need for such anxiety, for with the glorious weather at hand she can wear her cover skirt and shirt-waist for many a day yet.

The shop counters show a line of fall dress goods notable for the great variety of novelties in English and Scotch "rugged" effects. Besides, there are silk-stripe gauze crêpes, raised tissue crêpes in wool, marbled camel's-hairs, fancy check bourettes, fancy weaves in large crinklo effects, zig-zag camel's-hairs, mohair crêpons with silk effects, and zibeline camel's-hairs. In all of these there is an assortment in shade and pattern, as well as price, that will meet the desires of all.

One leading importing house is showing some exquisite costumes for fall, and made in the various goods referred to. A tailor-made gown

which attracts much attention is made in coco-brown cloth. The skirt has a panel effect outlined with heavy cord. The waist has very large leg-o'-mutton sleeves and a brown velvet collar. There is a detached cape with a flaring collar of brown velvet. A street frock has a waist of tan suède, embroidered with jet. The yoke is of suède and satin appliquéd, and the collar of cerise velvet. The sleeves and the full skirt are of novelty camel's-hair cloth.

As to chiffons, accordion pleating is losing none of its popularity, and there is a new method, just produced, which is to lay the pleats in very narrow at the top and to widen out at the hem of the goods. This method lends itself well to gored skirts, opera wraps, and the like. An exquisite example of the latter was in liberty satin, ivory white, and made to cover the entire gown, with a full ruche of white chiffon at the throat, and at the back a little Capuchin hood to put over the head.

Chiffon over silk or satin is likely to hold its own throughout the entire season. A beautiful example of pearl gray and black is given in the picture of the fête costume. The foundation is black *peau de soie* veiled with pearl-white chiffon. It is arranged in an accordion-pleated Spanish flounce on the skirt, and softly draped over the bodice, which has the addition of a boléro jacket in black Renaissance lace. The full puffed sleeves are laid in flat pleats for a space above the elbow, and are encircled by satin-striped ribbon in black and pearl gray. A

either satin or suède, and naturally will be worn with black or red stockings and black gowns. The most elaborate of these shoes have jeweled buckles, and, as a rule, square toes.

Révillon Frères, the leading furriers of Paris, are showing their winter garments with very large sleeves and extremely wide revers. They are also making entire costumes in caracal, with the tailor-made effect thoroughly carried out, sometimes in the new Eton shape, with a square basque back, and again with the familiar long-skirted coat.

It is very likely that the cut-out cloth for trimming, which appeared early in the season in biscuit color on capes and jackets, will be largely seen on dark cloth and serge gowns this fall. It is stamped out in guipure-like designs, and will be used principally on the wide revers and gauntlet cuffs of jackets and bodices, and is very effective over satin.

Sailor hats are worn frequently in Paris, although the great and only Worth likens them to "tin cans," and declares that they will wreck any costume.

ELLA STARR.

**OUR PUZZLE CORNER.**

CONDUCTED BY SAM LOYD.

**Our Lady's Kerchief.****A Marvelous Prize Puzzle.**

WITH the point of a pencil, start from any one of the square cells between four stars, pass with

waist-belt is made of the same ribbon, which is arranged in graceful loops and ends. The hat of black crinoline is decorated with loops of the same ribbon, knots of black satin, and an aigrette of green grasses.

Any woman may appear to have a series of fluffy, filmy gowns, and yet at the same time practice an economy which should be an open secret. All that is required is a silk slip, which may have done faithful service as an evening gown, and a couple of undined under-dresses made of silk-mull chiffon or fine organdie, one in plain tint and one figured. The sleeves are very full, and have a clever arrangement to make them either long or short. They have an elastic run in the wrist ruffle, which can be pushed up above the elbow at will.

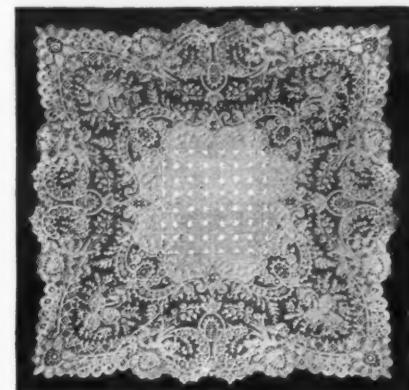
With all handsome costumes the Paris modiste makes a reticule of the dress fabric to carry over the arm. Some are square, while others are gathered round a stiffened circular piece, and all are drawn up with ribbons. Whatever material and trimming are used in the dress are also found in the reticule, and so a pocket is disposed of, and the reticule generally contains the change-purse, powder-puff, card-case, snuffing-bottle, and handkerchief.

Among the latest

predictions is the revival of scarlet heels, such as were affected by the fops of the seventeenth century. The shoes must be in black,

one continuous line through all of the forty-nine squares, and back to the original cell. No one cell must be gone through oftener than another.

If that problem is too easy, here is a second one: Start with the point of a pencil from any one of the little stars, and, stepping from one to another, see in how few steps they can all be marked off, making the least possible



number of angles. The sixty-four stars must all be passed over, but there is no restriction regarding going over some oftener than others. Five dollars is offered for the best answers to either of these propositions received before September 20th, and the lace kerchief, worth \$250, for a correct solution to both. Answers should be addressed to Samuel Loyd, Puzzle Editor, care of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, New York.

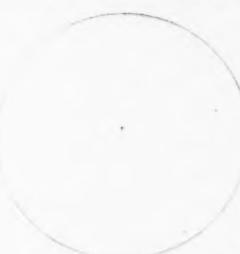


The above mathematical wonder is creating a furor among students and lovers of arithmetic. Like its famous companion-piece, the "14-15 puzzle," it is so easy that every one can do it, but somehow or other, they always forget the answer. In proof of which, ten dollars is offered for the best answer received.

The object is to arrange the figures, employing them all, in any arithmetical sum which will add up the nearest to 82. No signs or methods must be employed which imply multiplication, subtraction or division. The answer must be produced by one addition.

**Legend of a Boarding-house Pie.**

[BY A VERY BAD LITTLE BOY.]



[PROLOGUE].—The walking delegates of the Boarders' Protective Alliance, having found that Article No. 703, which governs the portioning of pie, was not violated at Madame O'Flaherty's *Pension Francaise*, have declared the boycott removed. Those most interested, however, are intensely anxious for a solution to the following problem:

"How many pieces can a pie be divided into with six straight cuts of a knife?"

**Good News for Asthmatics.**

WE observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free by addressing a postal-card to the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free, by mail, to sufferers.



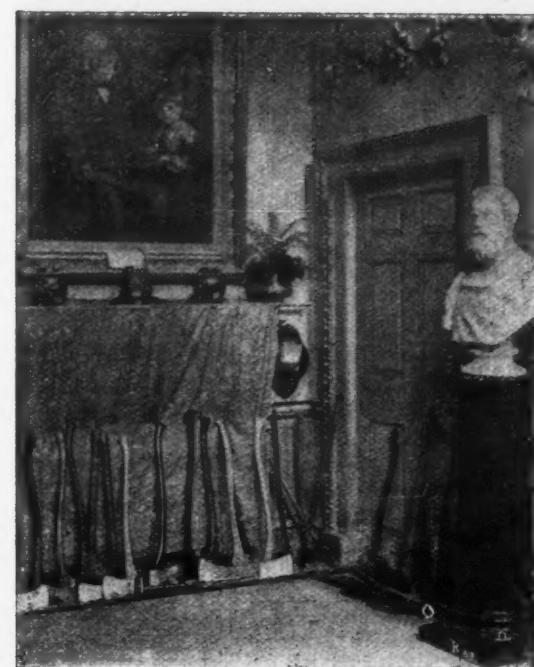
A CAÑON IN THE BLACK HILLS.—[SEE PAGE 102.]



THE OMAHA GUARDS, WINNERS OF THE GOVERNOR'S CUP AT THE RECENT ENCAMPMENT AT LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 185.]



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. GLADSTONE.—*London Graphic*.



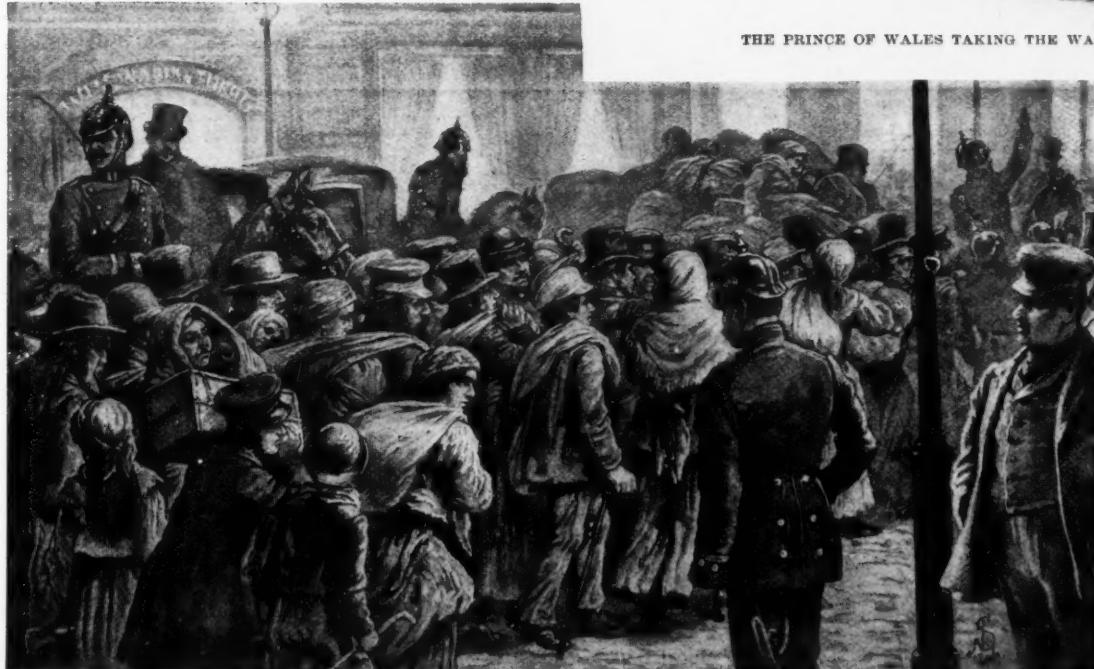
MR. GLADSTONE'S COLLECTION OF AXES.—*London Graphic*.



MR. GLADSTONE SPEAKING FROM THE TERRACE AT HAWARDEN.  
*London Graphic*.



THE PRINCE OF WALES TAKING THE WATERS AT HOMEBOURG.—*London Graphic*.



CHOLERA-SUSPECTED RUSSIAN EMIGRANTS ESCORTED THROUGH BERLIN UNDER GUARD.—*Illustrated London News*.



THE LATE HERMANN VON HELMHOLTZ

## The Grand Army of the Republic Encampment.

The city of Pittsburg extended a right royal greeting to the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic at their recent twenty-eighth annual national encampment. No more hospitable reception was ever given anywhere to the brave defenders of the nation who still survive the shocks of time. All parts of the country were represented in the encampment, and the campfire reunions of old comrades in arms were marked by demonstrations of interest and enthusiasm which no other occasion could match.

The grand parade, which is always the striking feature of these reunions, was an imposing and impressive spectacle, witnessed by an immense concourse of people—the streets being so densely crowded as to be almost impassable. Illinois posts had the right of the line, one of them carrying a tattered battle-flag from the United States ship *Monitor*. Wisconsin posts carried in the front rank Old Abe, the historic stuffed eagle mascot of the State department. New York was largely represented. The final division was composed of the posts of the department of Pennsylvania. They comprised more than one-half of the total in line. The route lay through the principal streets of the city and across the Alleghany River to the city park. There the column was reviewed by Commander-in-Chief Adams, Governor McKinley, Governor Pattison, General Daniel Sickles, and the State and city officials.

The streets through which the procession passed were magnificently decorated; in fact, the entire city was a blaze of color. Tasteful arches spanned many of the principal avenues, adding to the picturesque effects of the scene and occasion.

We give elsewhere several striking illustrations of the parade.

If the President had been out for ducks he would have made a great haul of crow.—*Judge*.

### THE TABLES TURNED.

"JOHN, I think you were intoxicated yesterday. I understand that you walked about Wall Street with a red parasol over your head and a reticule fastened to your waist?"

"Indeed! And were you intoxicated when you wore my shirt, necktie, and derby hat to the woman's-suffrage meeting?"—*Judge*.

### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

### WEST SHORE RAILROAD.

"SUMMER Excursions with Routes and Rates," with numerous maps and illustrations and lists of summer hotels along the Hudson, among the Catskills, at Saratoga, Lake George, etc., may be obtained of H. B. Jago, General Eastern Passenger Agent, No. 363 Broadway, New York City.

NOTHING contributes more to digestion than the use of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

THE autumn effects on the picturesque Lehigh Valley Railroad are not surpassed, and rarely equaled, by those of any other railroad on this continent. The varied and constantly-changing foliage, widely and richly distributed, affords a pleasure that cannot be described in words.

Every accommodation is afforded the traveler to take in the grandeur of this wonderfully picturesque route. Fine coaches, large windows, descriptive literature, and everything to secure comfort, are to be found on this line.

Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort. No smoke, no dust, no cinders. For full information and illustrated descriptive matter address Charles S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.

### Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription, and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address E. H. HUNGERFORD, Box A. 281, Albion, Michigan.

THE Sohmer Piano has always maintained a leading position, and to-day it has few equals and no superiors. The Sohmer can rest upon its merits and win every time.

### G. A. R. ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT.

#### LOW RATES TO PITTSBURG.

INTEREST in the annual reunions of the Grand Army of the Republic and Naval Veterans Association grows with each succeeding year, not only among the veterans themselves, but among all patriotic citizens of the republic.

The encampment this year at Pittsburg, from present indications, promises to be an interesting and enthusiastic as any reunion since the war. Thousands of veterans from all parts of the country will be present, and Pittsburg will surpass herself in showing them her hospitality.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all ticket stations on its line east of the Ohio River, for all trains September 6th to 10th, valid for return passage on all trains until September 25th, inclusive, at one fare for the round trip. For more detailed information write to C. P. Craig, General Eastern Passenger Agent, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, New York, N. Y.

## For Baby's Skin Scalp and Hair use Cuticura Soap

The most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet and nursery. For distressing eruptions, pimples, blackheads, scalp irritations, dry, thin, and falling hair, red, rough hands, chafings, simple rashes, and blemishes of childhood, it is absolutely incomparable. Mothers and nurses pronounce it the only perfect baby soap.

Sold throughout the world. Price, 25c. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Prop., Boston. "All About Baby's Skin," mailed free.



**• M**Y DEAR FELLOW, there was always something to admire in that girl; but now she is **positively beautiful**. Her hair, so rich and wavy, shows the perfection of care; her teeth are like ivory; and her cherry-red lips are enchanting, and a more exquisite complexion I never saw." "But, John, you should not forget that the object of your adoration has made herself lovely by the use of

## CONSTANTINE'S Persian Healing PINE TAR SOAP."

It is now no longer a secret that this INDISPENSABLE ARTICLE FOR TOILET USE is a PURIFYING AGENT OF WONDERFUL VIRTUES. It is harmless and inexpensive, but if you obtain the Original, which bears CONSTANTINE'S name, you will be able to HEIGHTEN EVERY CHARM which adds PERFECTION to

### FEMALE LOVELINESS.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.



The LITTLE FINGER DOES IT.  
THE AUTOMATIC REEL  
It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world. It will wind up the line slowly. No fish can ever get slack line with it. It will save more fish than any other reel. Manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the rod. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.  
YAWMAN & ERBE,  
Rochester, N. Y.

THE BEST GENERAL ADVERTISING MEDIUM IS  
LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

For Rates Address  
WILLIAM L. MILLER, Adv. Manager,  
110 Fifth Ave., New York.

TROY IMPROVED CHLORIDE OF GOLD CURE.

Treatment at home. Cure permanent. Write for circular of testimonials. N. D. CRARY, Manager, 321-322 Kirk Building, Syracuse, N. Y. Mention this paper.

VINO DE SALUD  
(WINE OF HEALTH.)  
BEST OF ALL  
TONIC WINES

Composed of the purest "Lagrima" Wine of Spain and an infusion of the most healthful and beneficial herbs and herbs known. Aids digestion, restores wasted tissue, induces sleep, gives tone and health to the entire system. La grippe and malaria are conquered by it.

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## The Black Hills.

THE Black Hills of Dakota possess a peculiar interest for all Americans because of their vast mineral wealth, and the relation which they hold in these and other resources to the general prosperity of the country. A pathetic interest attaches to them also because of the bloody pages in their earlier history, which tell of Custer's expedition and its fate. While the climate and much of the soil are finely adapted to the raising of stock and to the cultivation of agricultural products, as well as many varieties of fruit, it is in the mineral resources of this region that its principal value consists. Gold, silver, tin, coal, mica, gypsum, and other valuable minerals abound in great quantities. It was thought at one time that the gold mines were practically exhausted, but within the past year discoveries have been made, as the result of which the output of the mines is equal to that of any previous period. It may be stated incidentally that the same fact is true of Colorado, where the gold output for the past year has, spite of dismal croakings to the contrary, developed large proportions. The Black Hills are also rich in extensive pine forests and hardwood groves, and as these vast and valuable districts are brought into closer communication with the outside world the contributions to the aggregate wealth from this source must be greatly increased. The scenery in many parts of the hills is of the grandest character. We give elsewhere a picture of a cañon which well illustrates this general fact.



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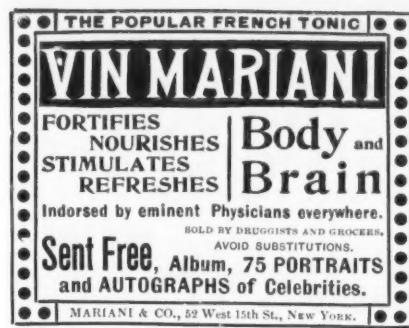
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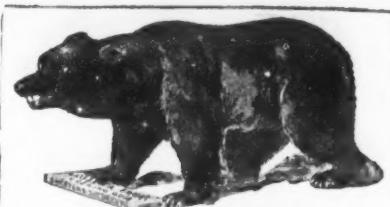
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#### Our Foreign Pictures.

##### MR. GLADSTONE.

THE latest portrait of Mr. Gladstone, taken at the recent Hawarden fete, given on another page, gives a better idea of the Grand Old Man as he now appears than any picture of him lately published. The collection of axes shown in another picture recalls Mr. Gladstone's expertise as a woodman, and probably includes most if not all of the weapons with which he has from time to time assailed the trees of Hawarden Park.

##### THE CHOLERA ABROAD.

The ravages of the cholera in Galicia and Bukowina continue unabated. In the week ending on September 3d the number of deaths reported was 801, and up to that date there had been since the disease became epidemic a total of 6,958 cases, with 3,000 deaths, in these provinces. In Germany comparatively few cases have been reported. Great precautions are taken in Berlin to prevent the spread of the infection. Russian emigrants passing through that city are conducted, generally in the evening, from one railway station to another under military escort, as shown in our picture.

##### THE LATE PROFESSOR HELMHOLTZ.

Professor Hermann Ludwig Ferdinand Helmholtz, who died suddenly in Berlin on the 8th inst., aged seventy-three, was one of the foremost scientists of his age. Early in life, after a due course of study, he was appointed to the chair of anatomy in the Academy of Fine Arts at Berlin, from where, in 1855, he removed to Königsberg, residing there three years as professor of physiology. From Königsberg he went to Heidelberg, there also lecturing on physiology. Subsequently he was appointed to a similar position in Berlin, where he resided until his death. He had written voluminously on physiological subjects, and more than one hundred and twenty of his scientific papers have been read before the Royal Society; he was also a frequent contributor to similar subjects to scientific magazines. Described by one of his contemporaries, "his especial gift was the application of mathematics to physics. His methods of research were wonderful in themselves, and his ability to employ these researches mathematically was extraordinary. His equal does not live to-day."

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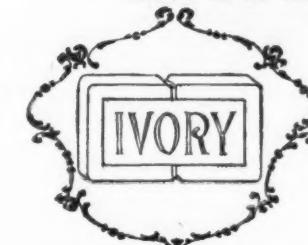
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